Cooſin, on wedneſday next our Counſell we will hold
At Windſor, ſo informe the Lo ds:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeede to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaide and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted, with drinking of olde ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of ſacke, and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhoudeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee now *Hal*, for we that take purſes, go by the moone & the ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phoebus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweet wag, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy grace: maieſtie I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweete wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called theeues of the daies beautie: let vs bee *Dianaes* forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone, and let men ſay, we bee men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſſe the moone, vnder whoſe countenance wee ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſaieſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe

a purſe of golde moſt reſolutely ſnacht on Munday nigh
moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning, got with ſw
lay by, and ſpent with crying, bring in: now in as low an
the foote of the ladder, and by & by in as high a flow as th
of the gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſaieſt true lad, and is not my h
of the tauerne a moſt ſweete wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the caſtle, and
a buffe ierkin a moſt ſweete robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with
ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hoſt
the tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coine would
and where it would not, I haue vſed my credit

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vs d it, that were it not heere apparan
thou art heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall the
gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art King? and re
on thus fubd as it is with the ruſtie curbe of old father Antic
law: do not thou when thou art King hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt,

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue iudge.

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhal
the hanging of the theeues, and ſo become a rare hangman

Falſ. Well *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my h
as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the hangman
no leane wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Ca
lugd Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a Linconſhire bagpipe.

Prince. What ſaieſt thou to a Hare, or the melanche
Moore